

The Mirror

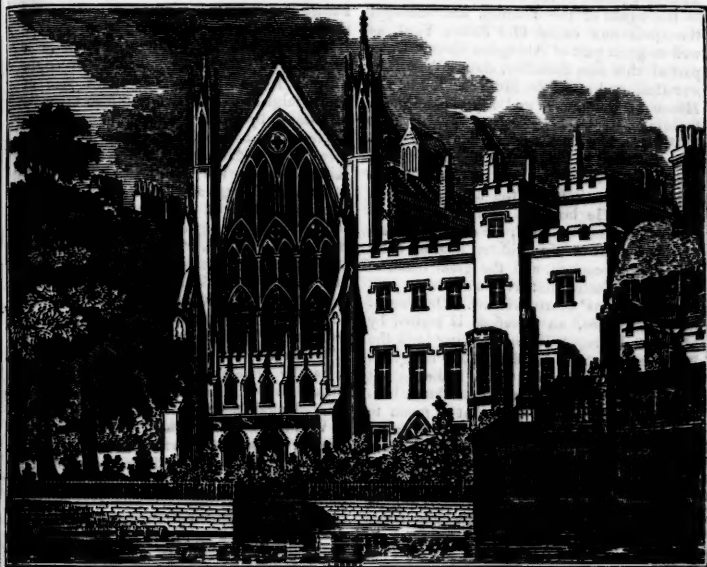
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 687.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND THE SPEAKER'S RESIDENCE,

(From Westminster Bridge.)

In the original, and we hope, not unsuccessful, plan of identifying our Illustrations with the interest of passing events, we intended the above Engraving for the next volume of this Miscellany. The partial destruction of these premises in common with the recent conflagration of both Houses of Parliament, however, renders their representation of too exciting an interest to be deferred for another sheet. And, as it is our intention to illustrate the history of the locality of these edifices, we shall consider the present Engraving as a portion of such design; its subject being next in antiquity to Westminster Hall, of which magnificent structure an illustration has already appeared in the *Mirror*.*

In the histories of London, several houses are mentioned as the temporary or occasional residence of the English sovereigns: for, in olden times, the royal palace could not have been, as in our day, the nucleus of the

fashionable quarter of the metropolis; unless fashion, in her migrations, be considered to have, at one period or other, ennobled every quarter. However this may have been, the ancient abodes of royalty invest the history of the whole metropolis and its suburbs with no common interest. Thus, the Tower was not only a fortress, but a palace; and our own pages have illustrated the regal occupation of Crosby Hall, Baynard's Castle, Bridewell, Somerset House, the Savoy, St. James's, Whitehall, and Westminster.†

Neither of these abodes, however, aspired to the dignity of a royal palace, like that at Westminster, the recollection of which is perpetuated in Old Palace Yard. Canute is known to have occupied a house or palace in Westminster, which was burnt in the time

† Northward, more than one house is said to have been in royal occupancy; and, on the south bank of the Thames were, not long since, ruins stored with kindred associations.

* See *Mirror*, vol. iii. p. 97.

of Edward the Confessor; but it is by no means so certain that it was situated on the same spot where the latter monarch built his palace, some remains of which were to be traced in the lancet windows of "the Painted Chamber," adjoining the House of Lords. This vast palace of the Confessor stood close to the banks of the Thames, and included the space now called Old Palace Yard, as well as great part of Abingdon-street. Upon part of this site, therefore, stands Westminster Hall, and stood the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and other contiguous buildings.

William I. who was crowned at Westminster, enlarged the palace considerably to the northward; but, his son William Rufus appears to have made the most important additions. He built the Hall as a banqueting-room; and in 1097, he established his principal court at Westminster, holding there the national council, and the great feasts of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, as well of the various courts of law. On one of these occasions, an anecdote is related by Matthew Paris. "When the king built the Hall, hearing men say that it was too great, he answered and said, 'This Halle is not big enough by the one halfe, and but a bed-chamber in comparison of that I mean to make:'" but the Norman boaster never fulfilled his vaunt. The successors of William continued to reside in the palace. Stephen built a chapel to it, which he dedicated to St. Stephen the Martyr; although, during the wars of this monarch, the whole palace became much dilapidated; for, in the year 1163, we find that the haughty prelate Thomas à Becket effected many great repairs; and henceforward it became the seat of regal splendour.

In the long reign of Henry III. many interesting events are recorded to have occurred at this palace. The king held many high festivals and solemn feasts at Westminster. "On the day of the circumcision of our Lord," says Stow, "in the year 1236, the king's treasurer was commanded to cause 6,000 poor people to be fed at Westminster, for the state of the king, the queen, and their children. The weak and aged were to be placed in the great Hall; and in the lesser, those who were more strong, and in reasonable plight. In the King's Chamber, the children, and in the Queen's; and when the King knew the charge, he gladly allowed it in the accounts." In the same year, the river overflowed its banks, and flooded all Westminster; "and, in the Great Palace, men did row with wherries in the midst of the Hall, being forced to ride to their chambers. The Hall, in this reign, also assumed a new interest, in connexion with the Parliament, which was first summoned towards the latter end of Henry III.; and, although the

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St. Stephen's Chapel was restored at a considerable expense by the next sovereign, Edward I.; in the twenty-seventh year of whose reign, 1299, or two centuries after its restoration by William Rufus, the palace, in the language of Stow, "was burnt by a vehement fire, kindled in the lesser hall of the King's house; the same, with many other houses adjoining, and with the Queen's Chamber, were all consumed; the flames thereof also, (being drawn with the wind,) fired the monastery, which was, with *all the palace*, consumed, but afterwards repaired." If the words in Italics be taken literally, what becomes of the identity of the Painted Chamber of Edward the Confessor; wherein he breathed his last, and thus ended the line of Saxon kings.

In the same reign, a few years later, occurred an event which raised considerable scandal against the clergy. "The treasury of Westminster was robbed, for the which, Walter, Abbot of Westminster, with forty-nine of his brethren, and thirty-two others, were thrown into the Tower of London, and indicted of the robbery of 100,000*l.*;" but they were subsequently released, without the crime being fixed on any of them.

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Passing over many festal incidents related to have occurred in Westminster Hall, we come to particulars of many parliaments being held there in the succeeding reign of Richard II. We also gather from Stow, that "in the year 1397, the Hall being out of repair, King Richard, having occasion to hold a parliament, caused (for that purpose) a large house to be builded in the midst of the Palace Court, betwixt the clocke-tower and the gate of the old Hall. This house was very large and longe, made of timber, covered with tyle, open on both the sides, and at both the ends, that all men might see and hear what was said and done. The

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We shall hardly be expected to follow the mutations of the palace, while it continued to be the residence of the Sovereign, and the head-quarters of the law of the land, or until the fourth year of Henry VIII. (1512,) when a great part was once again destroyed by fire—the third conflagration since the time of the Confessor,—since which date, the palace does not appear to have been repaired as a royal residence.

To return to the Chapel. One of the first incidents within its sacred walls must have been the thanksgiving of its victorious founder at its altar for his conquest of France—his fame abroad, and consequent quiet at home. "An age of victory," wrote Sir James Mackintosh about four years since, "is productive of those triumphs and monuments which soothe the national pride, and foster all the feelings of nationality. Windsor was probably the noblest architectural pile destined for civil purposes then erected to the north and west of the Alps. The hall of Edward's palace at Westminster still stands a lasting example of the massy magnificence which commands admiration for centuries. The chapel of the same regal mansion is now the room in which a representative assembly sit, who concur in making laws for ancient and renowned nations, to whom the name of Plantagenet was unknown."*

After the Reformation, the two legislative assemblies became settled within the palace: the Lords in the Court of Requests, and the Commons in St. Stephen's Chapel; where both have ever since held their sittings. In what manner the latter was at first fitted up does not appear; except that "the House" was formed within the Chapel, chiefly by a floor raised above the pavement, and an inner roof considerably below the ancient one. As it is our intention to illustrate the ancient and modern interior of the Chapel, we shall, for the present, confine ourselves to the portion of the exterior shown in the annexed Engraving. This represents the eastern end of the Chapel, and the Speaker's House, as seen from Westminster Bridge.

The former appearance of these edifices

may be gathered from several prints; but, more especially from a view of the Thames, taken before the towers of Westminster Abbey were erected. This print represents the shore as bounded by a wall from Cannon-row beyond St. Stephen's Chapel, with trees interspersed, and the latter with pinnacled buttresses on the sides and angles, and double ranges of windows, fairly marked with ramified mullions, which were, subsequently, on the east end, converted into a basement row of plain pointed, with a second square; a third large, and arched with one of the same description, inclosed by a vast trefoil moulding under the pitched battlements, and flanked with two octagonal turrets, then surmounted with a sort of cupola. Adjoining was a small court of the Palace. In 1803, the latter building was considerably enlarged, altered, and ornamented, under the direction of the late James Wyatt, so as to fit it for the residence of the Speaker. At the same time, were added to the chapel buttresses, surmounted with pinnacles, in the pointed style of Henry VII.* The large window was also opened; the three compartments of the lower stage appeared as three circular-headed windows in the interior of the House of Commons. The three smaller windows beneath this stage, lit the space behind the Speaker's chair. Under these are the windows of the dining-room, in which were given the Speaker's parliamentary dinners. Thus, the House of Commons was, in truth, the upper part of this wing of the Speaker's residence; and his dining chair was directly under his official one. The dining-room is enriched with superb carving, and has a massive, groined ceiling: on the latter account it was not destroyed in the recent fire, and is susceptible of complete renovation; it is of highly decorated character, many of the sculptured ornaments being exquisitely painted, and inlaid with gold. Only the walls remain of the House; but, the wing adjoining has been saved. The Chapel-walls have been uncased of their covering of modern composition, and the original stonework displays beautiful specimens of highly-wrought architecture. But, it is generally admitted that "the immense height of the walls, the quantity of falling buildings, filling up different divisions, the fine specimens of architecture still remaining, though dreadfully burnt and shattered, together with the arched rooms under the House, lobby, &c. richly carved, and still preserved, present extended and varied masses of ruins. The manner in which a great quantity of the highly-decorated archwork, consisting of rooms and cellars, as well as that forming cloister galleries, has obviously withstood the fury of the flames, and the falling of many walls that once formed parti-

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tions, call forth the surprise of all who visit this terrific scene of ruin.* Notwithstanding all the chaotic destruction above, the basement archwork is in fine preservation.

Facing the House and the Speaker's residence, and extending to the water's edge, are the shrubbery and garden, in which was deposited considerable property, saved from the devastating fury of the late fire. 2 d d

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND EL DORADO.

[THE following brief outline of Raleigh's expedition† will be read with interest in connexion with the narrative of Mr. Hilhouse's excursion up the Massaroon, in our last Number.]

Sir Walter Raleigh had equipped seven expeditions, and expended above 40,000*l.*, or nearly his whole fortune, within a few years, to no purpose; but his romantic temper was not to be subdued by ill success: and as he lived at court, and entered into all the intrigues of his day, brilliant exploits were often necessary to him, to cover and redeem the mortifications of his daily life. As his fortune diminished, his imagination grew more ardent, despair perhaps lessening the influence of judgment; and he devoted the latter part of his life to the prosecution of delusive schemes, which had never allured him at a time when he better possessed the means of accomplishing whatever he proposed.

It is difficult to ascertain with precision the circumstances or the time which gave birth to the belief in the existence of a golden country, or El Dorado, in the interior of South America, where the government of the incas was revived in its ancient splendour, and where the precious metals existed in such abundance that even the roofs of the temples were made of gold. It circulated as early as 1531, when Ordaca undertook a luckless expedition to the mouths of the Orinoco, to ascend that river. Gonzalez Pizarro, in his march to the sources of the Maragnon, received a confirmation of the tale; and Orellana, in descending that great river, collected many marvellous relations tending to corroborate in his mind the same gratifying intelligence. But while the Spaniards sought nothing and thought of nothing but gold, it is not surprising that every picture that haunted their fancy should be richly adorned with that precious metal. All the tales collected by the Spaniards were familiar to Sir Walter Raleigh, who, as he wished them to weigh with the public mind, allowed them to operate freely on his own. He proposed the conquest of Guiana, and the discovery of El Dorado, or the country of

gold; in which the natives in their feasts, according to a Spanish writer, having first anointed themselves with a gummy balsam, rolled themselves in gold dust, so as to be gilt from head to foot.

The plans of Sir Walter Raleigh were favourably entertained by the ministers, and in 1595 he sailed with five ships for Guiana. He made himself master of Trinidad; and calling together the natives, explained to them, by an interpreter whom he brought with him from England, that "he was the servant of a queen who was the greatest cacique in the North, and a virgin who had more caciques under her command than there were trees in that island; that she was an enemy to the Spaniards, on account of their tyranny and oppression; and having freed all the coasts of the northern world from their servitude, had sent him to free them also; and moreover to defend Guiana from their invasion and conquest." He then prepared to pass over to the continent. Berreo, a Spanish officer who had unsuccessfully attempted to enter Guiana, tried to dissuade Raleigh from the hasty execution of his plan; telling him that it would be necessary to carry provisions for a tedious voyage, that the navigation of the rivers was rendered difficult by numerous shoals and rapids, and that they were beginning to swell and pour down overwhelming torrents at the very season when he was preparing to ascend them. These fair arguments were construed by the English cavalier into the suggestions of a rival, who wished to thwart his plans, and defeat their execution. He attempted to enter the river Orinoco with his ships; but finding it impossible to bring them across the bar, he was obliged to undertake the expedition in open boats. A hundred men, with their arms and provisions for a month, were crowded into three small boats, exposed to all the extremes of the weather in an unhealthy climate; they had advanced but a short way up the river when they found themselves involved in a labyrinth of channels, from which they could not extricate themselves without much labour and anxiety. Luckily they surprised an old Indian in a canoe; and being treated kindly, he readily consented to become their pilot. The Indians inhabiting the mouth of the Orinoco lived in houses during the summer, or dry season; but in the winter months, when the country was overflowed, they constructed small huts in the trees, to which they ascended by means of ladders. Some rumours concerning the Spaniards and the golden country were collected as they went on, which inspired the men with the same ardour as their chief. When Raleigh had ascended the river about 300 miles, he had an interview with Tapiawary, an Indian chieftain 110 years old, who gave him the most ample information re-

* Morning Herald.

† From the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, vol. ii. p. 208, in the Cabinet Cyclopædia.

specting the political situation of the country, and its natural productions.

Leaving this old chieftain, Raleigh proceeded westward to view the falls of the river Caroli. From the summit of a hill overlooking the river they beheld it rolling down in three streams for twenty miles together: the current was so rapid that an eight-oared boat could not stem it, in a stream as wide as the Thames at Woolwich. A dozen cataracts, one above the other, rushed down with such violence that the noise could be heard at a distance of many leagues. The landscape around was the most beautiful that could be imagined: the hills were richly clothed with wood, the waters winding below in numerous branches; the plains clear of brushwood, and covered with fine green turf; deer crossing the scene in every direction; and multitudes of birds, of endless varieties and the most brilliant colours, fluttering among the trees or perched along the river banks. Even the specimens of the mineral world found here had an unusual brilliancy; and fragments of stone, supposed to contain gold, were carried off by the credulous adventurers.

Raleigh had now advanced 400 miles from the coast; he had been absent from his fleet a month; the wet season was coming on, and the river began to rise with fearful rapidity; it was no longer prudent, therefore, to defer his return. In descending the river he repeated his visit to the old chieftain Tapiowary, and consulted him respecting the possibility of conquering Guiana, and reaching the golden city Manoa. The prudent replies of the old Indian appeared encouraging to one whose mind was wholly bent on these visionary schemes. But whatever might be thought of the soundness of his calculations, the abilities of Raleigh as a leader were advantageously shown in this surprising expedition, in which there was neither murmuring nor discontent; and in which, notwithstanding the dangers and privations to which the men were exposed, not one perished during the whole voyage, with the exception of a negro who was devoured by a crocodile. Raleigh brought home with him specimens of the golden ore on which his hopes were founded. The son of Tapiowary accompanied him to England, where he was baptized with much ceremony by the name of Gualtero. Two Englishmen at the same time remained with the Indian chieftain: the one a good draftsman; the other a boy, intended to learn the language of the natives, in which he actually became proficient, but was unfortunately killed and devoured in the woods by wild beasts. The character of Raleigh had no doubt been much lowered in popular estimation by the ill success of his expeditions to Virginia; and the fruitless issue of his voyage to Guiana completed his downfall.

Manners and Customs.

AN EXECUTION IN SPAIN.

(From *Ingles's Spain* in 1830.)

I HAD an opportunity, while at Barcelona, of being present at an execution, the first I had seen in Spain. The man had been condemned to the galleys for some previous offence, and had murdered one of his fellow-convicts; and, although this is not an agreeable spectacle, yet, as in every country, public spectacles, whether agreeable or the reverse, exhibit some peculiarities either of character or of manners, I resolved to be present. Three o'clock was the hour appointed; and all that morning, as well as great part of the day before, there was an unceasing noise of little bells, carried through the streets by boys in scarlet cloaks, with the bell in one hand, and a box in the other, collecting alms to purchase masses in the different convents and churches, for the soul of the felon. There is another thing worth relating, connected with the last days of a felon in Spain. A society, called the Benevolent Society, undertakes to soften the last three days of his existence, and to diminish the terrors of death, by the singular device of increasing the pleasure of life. During these three days, he may have every luxury he desires; he may feast upon the daintiest viands, drink the choicest wines, and thus learn, in quitting the world, new reasons for desiring to remain in it.

I obtained a good situation, close to the military who guarded the ground. Besides the platform, there was erected, at a little distance, an altar, upon which was placed an image of the Virgin and Child; and opposite to this, a cross, with an image of Christ extended upon it. I was much struck with the procession; the unfortunate felon was accompanied by upwards of two thousand masked penitents, who looked more like a train of devils than human beings; a black cloak entirely enveloped the body and the head, holes only being left for the eyes and mouth; a black pyramidal cap, at least eighteen inches high, crowned the head; and each carried in his hand a long white wand. Two accomplices of the felon also accompanied him, that they might benefit by seeing him hanged; and a friar of the Franciscan order, was his spiritual guide.

After having been led to the altar, and then below the cross, where he repeated a number of prayers, he ascended the platform attended by the friar, who carried a large cross in his hand. When the offices of religion were concluded, the man wished to address the people, and twice began, "Mis Hermanos," but his voice was instantly drowned by shouts from a crowd at some distance behind the platform, no doubt so

instructed; and when he found that he could not be heard, he gave the signal, and the executioner immediately leapt upon his shoulders, and swung off the platform; while the friar continued to speak, and extend the cross towards him, long after he was insensible to its consolations. The spectacle concluded by the friar ascending to the summit of the ladder, and delivering a sermon, in which he did not omit the exhortation of contributing largely towards masses for the soul of the deceased. The exhortation was not without its effect; the little bells immediately began to ring, and hundreds obeyed the invitation to piety.

PUBLIC RECORDS.

ANCIENTLY, public archives were preserved in churches, and other religious places. The Greeks paid particular attention to the conservation of their records. The temple of Delos was, according to Pausanias, the general repository of records; and parts of the Areopagus and the temple of Minerva were also devoted to the Athenians to the custody of their public instruments. The Romans were not less zealous in the preservation of their records than the Greeks, and their most precious archives were deposited in their temples. This custom of preserving records in sacred places was followed in the middle ages, and it is not improbable that in England the "King's Chapel" was used for that purpose; and hence it was that the chancellor as presiding over the royal chapel, came to be so much connected with royal diplomas and archives.—*Hardy's Description of the Close Rolls.*

GULIELMUS S.

GIRDLES.

"There will I make thee a bel of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a girdle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle."

Shakespeare.

THE girdle of the Greeks and Romans is described by Homer. The girdle was used among the ancients for a purse. The Romans always wore a girdle to tuck up the tunica, when they had occasion for exertion; this custom was so general that such as went without girdles, and let loose their gowns, were reputed idle, dissolute persons.

It was generally the custom for bankrupts and other insolvent debtors, to put off and surrender their girdles in open court. The reason was, that our ancestors used to carry all the necessary utensils, as purse, keys, &c. tied to the girdle; whence the girdle became a symbol of the estate. History relates that the widow of Philip I., duke of Burgundy, renounced her right of succession by putting off her girdle upon the duke's tomb.

There was an ancient duty or tax raised in Paris every three years, called the *queen's girdle*, which was intended for the mainten-

ance of the queen's household. Vigenere supposes it to have been thus called because the girdle anciently served for a purse; but he adds that a like tax had been raised in Persia, and under the same name, above 2,000 years before, as appears from Plato, and Cicero.

The *Christian's Girdle* was instituted by Motavackel, caliph in the year of the Hegira 235, to be worn by Christians throughout the Kast, as a badge of their profession.

The *Order of Cordelia* was instituted by Anne de Bretagne, after the death of her first husband, Charles VIII., for widow ladies of noble families; it was placed round the escutcheon of their arms, and was also worn round the waist, with the ends hanging down. This order, soon after the decease of the founder, fell into disuse. P. T. W.

ANCIENT CARVING TERMS.

IN an ancient work called the *Boke of Keru-inge*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, there are the following curious terms, which may be worthy the digestion of any corporate body, viz.—"Breke that deer.—Lesche that brawn.—Rere that goose.—Lyste that swanne.—Sauce that capon.—Spoyle that hen.—Fruche that chekyn.—Unbrace that mallard.—Unlace that conye.—Dismembre that heron.—Display that crane.—Disfigure that peecock.—Unjoint that bytture.—Untacke that curlewe.—Alaye that fesande.—Wyngue that partycke.—Wynge that quaille.—Mynce that plover.—Thye that pyggon.—Border that pastie.—Thye that woodcocke.—Thye all maner smalle byrdes.—Tymbre that fyer.—Tyere that egge.—Chynne that samon.—Strynge that lampreye.—Splat that pyke.—Sauce that haddock.—Sauce that plaice.—Sauce that tench.—Splay that brame.—Tuske that berbell.—Culpon that troute.—Fyne that cheven.—Trassene that ele.—Trance that sturgeon.—Undertrounch that porpus.—Tayme that crabbe.—Barbe that lobster."

P. T. W.

The Naturalist.

WHY ARE GIGANTIC ANIMALS SO RARE?

(From *Swenkinson's Discourse on the Study of Natural History*; in the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*.)

THE thick-skinned, or pachydermatous tribe of quadrupeds, comprise the genera of the elephant, rhinoceros, megatherium, and hippopotamus: these are well known as the most gigantic of all animals. We have ascertained, by analysis, that they form a circular group, and that the rank of this group is equivalent to that of a tribe. Yet, in regard to the number of objects it comprises, this is the most scanty tribe in the animal kingdom. It does not contain, in fact, as many individuals as are found in a single genus of parrots. Whence, therefore, arises this dis-

parity? How are we to account for the wide intervals between the different *Pachydermata*, and the very small ones between the genera of parrots? To this we should answer, first, that many of these forms, which once existed, are lost; and, secondly, that their paucity, so far from disturbing the harmony and regularity of nature's system, tends to show it in a light directly the reverse. First, then, the extinction of numerous forms of *Pachydermata* rests on well known and incontrovertible facts. Not only are the fossil remains of hippopotami, of elephants, and of rhinoceroses, belonging to extinct species (and, very probably, to intermediate gradations of form), found in numerous and various parts of the world, and in considerable quantities, but modern geology has brought to light a whole family of these quadrupeds, represented by the megatherium, which are now so completely exterminated from the earth, that not a single living example exists to testify the creation of such a race. If, then, all the fossil *Pachydermata* were alive, and were incorporated, according to their affinities, with those now living, the contents of the whole group would probably be augmented to four or five times its present number; and those chasms, which now appear so wide, would be proportionably lessened; nay, it is highly probable they would not be greater, in proportion, than those between the different genera of the parrots. But, secondly, let us suppose that it was essential to the symmetry and harmony of nature, that all her groups of the same rank and value should contain pretty nearly the same number of species, and that their numerical contents should be proportionate to their value. What, in the present instance, would be the result? The tribe of *Scansores*, or climbing birds, includes the parrots; and, upon a rough estimate, certainly contains between four and five hundred species. We know, by induction, that this tribe is equivalent to that of the pachydermatous quadrupeds. Now, if these tribes were as equal in their contents, as they are in their rank, more than half the earth would be overrun with monsters. Elephants would be as common as flies; we should have to reckon not *two*, but perhaps two hundred species. All the large rivers would be almost choked with hippopotami. Rhinoceroses would swarm in the woods, in herds of thousands, as the parrots do now in the forests of America. And huge megatheria, perhaps of a hundred species, would attack a forest, and strip it of its verdure in a few days. The world, in fact, would be filled, as it once was, with monstrous animals; and man would find no resting-place in it. Nor is this all: the whole of these gigantic creatures feed upon herbage, grass, or the leaves of trees. Let us imagine, then, for a moment, what would be the state of those countries, as

the vegetable world is now constructed, which should be inhabited by thousands of such monsters, as the tropical regions now are by the parrots. The consumption of food necessary to support such creatures would be enormous. No plains would be sufficiently fruitful to graze thousands of elephants and rhinoceroses of hundreds of species. The trees would be bared of their leaves, and verdure would disappear. The earth, in fact, would be as much devastated as if perpetual swarms of locusts had stripped it of its clothing; and thousands of these devouring monsters would annually perish for want of food, poison the air, and create pestilence and famine. Such results, however frightful, are too obvious to be denied. The paucity, therefore, of pachydermatous quadrupeds, instead of proving a want of uniformity and consistency in the groups of nature, is the very peculiarity which manifests the harmony and design with which they were balanced and adjusted, by Infinite Wisdom, from the beginning. The pachydermatous quadrupeds, considering their immense size, are proportioned to the rest of the animal creation, throughout which we find that great bulk is restricted to few individual forms, while excessive minuteness is extended to countless millions. What, therefore, would at first seem to constitute the *Pachydermata* an imperfect group, is, in reality, its highest perfection. If its chasms were fewer, or narrower, it would possess more forms, for which the world, in its present state, could scarcely find room. Be this, however, as it may, we need not, after this, require further demonstrative evidence to prove the inequality of numbers in natural groups of the same value; or that apparent gaps may not often be accounted for on the soundest and most philosophic principles.

Antiquariana.

POSTLIP HALL, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

(From a Correspondent.)

POSTLIP, anciently called Poteslip, is a mansion situated on the northern side of Cleve Cloud Hill, as you descend towards Winchcomb; and its windows command a considerable portion of the vale of Evesham, and an intermediate valley bounded on the east and west by the Cotswold Hills.

The mansion stands in the centre of a fine estate, on the northern boundary of Cotswold, and is noticed in the earliest English records as one of the most valuable domains in this part of Gloucestershire. Without doubt, it derived additional importance from its proximity to the abbey of Winchcomb and Hayles. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, it was held by Godric, a powerful thane, or English gentleman, in



(Postlip Hall.)

whose family it remained until the time of William the Conqueror; when it passed into the hands of Ansfred de Corneille, a follower of the victorious monarch. At that time, it was taxed three hides of land and four plough tillages, whereof two only were in demesne and upon the estate. There were upon it two water-mills, and a wood one mile long and one mile broad, but of which there is not a vestige. In the days of Edward, it paid one hundred shillings yearly; but the Conqueror's government received an annual tax of 4*l.* which is supposed to have been for the land in demesne; at least, such is gathered from Domesday Book and other ancient chronicles.

The descendant of Ansfred flourished upon the domain of Postlip till the reign of Edward I., when it became the property of William de Postlip: he, like his predecessors, maintained the rank of franklin which was inferior to that of nobility, though independent of any suit, service, or homage, to any liege lord, except the sovereign of the land. William de Postlip, however, detracted from the dignity of the estate by committing felony, of which he was convicted in the twenty-seventh of Edward I.; but the records do not state whether or not he suffered the penalty of his crimes. It is probable that he forfeited his lands to the church, as we find William de Chesterton and others seized and possessed of the manor of Postlip, which they held in trust for the abbey of Tewkesbury in the seventh year of the reign of Richard II. This supposition is further strengthened by the circumstance of an ancient chapel having been built within a short distance, by William de Jolley, the proprietor of Postlip in the reign of Stephen, who intended it as a sanctuary for his tenants during the sanguinary civil wars which desolated the kingdom during that monarch's sway. Prior to the estate belonging to the abbey of Tewkesbury, the tithes were en-

joyed by the neighbouring abbey of Winchcomb, which was then one of the most splendid and opulent monastic establishments in England.

After the Reformation, Postlip was again fated to change hands: the estate was given to Sir Thomas Seymour in the first year of Edward VI., and the tithes were granted to Sir Thomas Hatton in the 24th of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. About the times of Charles, James, and the Commonwealth, it belonged to an opulent family named Broadway; and the arms of Giles Broadway, carved in oak and stone, still form some of the most interesting ornaments which to this day decorate the walls.

The present mansion was built about three hundred years since by a member of the Broadway family. In common with many other ancient buildings, it has the vulgar reputation of being haunted; and, certainly, the venerable and gloomy appearance of a spacious and curiously carved oaken chamber is calculated to strengthen such an impression in the minds of the superstitious; though no more rational conjecture has been assigned for its spiritualization.

In the reign of Anne, or George I., Postlip became the property of the Earl of Coventry, at which time the ancient chapel was in good repair; but, although it contains several fine specimens of Saxon architecture, (particularly a curious arch which divides the body of the chapel from the choir,) it is now used as a place for agricultural implements. The worship of the church of Rome was formerly celebrated within its walls by the members of a neighbouring cell of Cistercian monks, who were distinguished for their hospitality to strangers, and the piety and virtuous conduct of their lives. Of late years, valuable paper mills have been erected on the estate. The springs which rise from the neighbouring hills, and supply these mills, are of the purest quality, so essential for the

production of those splendid and varied coloured papers and tissues for which this manufactory is more particularly celebrated. The streams in the vicinity also abound with trout of the most delicate flavour.

T. J. B.

The Public Journals.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN THE WEST INDIES.
(From "The Cruise of the Midge," in *Blackwood's Magazine*.)

We found ourselves seated at dinner in the lower piazza of the court facing the east, so as to be screened from the rays of the setting sun by the roof of the house.

The water of the clear pool in the centre of the yard was led away, on the side we sat on, in a little canal, amongst the rocks, out of which it was hewn, and this was thickly planted with lotuses. We had dined, and the golden sky overhead began to be spanned with a bright silver star here and there, and the distant, and scarcely perceptible buzz of a solitary scout of a mosquito, would every now and then suddenly increase to a loud singing noise, as he reconnoitred your auricle—presently you heard the loud hum of a whole picket of them—the advanced guard of a host of those winged pests, which were thus giving token of the approach of evening.

"Mr. Brail," said Helen, laughing, "do you see how carefully those beautiful water-lilies have folded up their silvery leaves before retiring to their watery pillows?—there, that one nearest your foot has already sank below the water, and the largest, that is still gently moved by the small ripple that radiates from the splashing water in the middle of the basin, will soon follow.—See—it is gone"—and, one by one, the whole of the plants gradually sank under the surface for the night.

I was struck with this, and fascinated by the tone and manner of the speaker, when suddenly the lotuses again emerged.

"Heyday!" said De Walden—"your poetry is all lost, Miss Hudson, the flowers don't seem to sleep sound on the watery pillows you spoke of; they are all back to have another peep at you."

"Probably they found their beds were not made, De Walden," rapped out Listado.

"But really what is this?" said Helen, and as she spoke, the jet gradually became weaker and weaker; the water in the pool rapidly subsided for a minute; and then, with a loud gurgling noise, disappeared altogether, leaving the rocky bed dry, and the poor, pet mountain-mullets wallowing amongst the water-plants like so many silver wedges.

"Hillo!" shouted Listado, in extreme surprise—"Hillo! who has stolen our purling stream?—what the deuce has become of the river, Master Hudson?" This was a thing

neither Mr. Hudson nor any one else could tell—that it had absolutely vanished as described was clear enough; but just as the girls and De Walden had secured the fish in a tub, the basin was again filled as suddenly as it had been emptied, with the same loud gurgle, and in ten minutes one could not have told that any thing had happened.

"There must have been some subterranean convulsion to produce this phenomenon," said I.

"No doubt of it," rejoined Listado—"Old Nicholas had run short of water for his tay, and borrowed our beautiful jet for a little—but, hush! he has heard me, so sure as peas are pays in Ireland, and he has turned off the water again—Hush!"

It once more disappeared in the same manner, and with the same loud, gurgling noise as before; but after the basin was dry this time, we distinctly heard several distant reports in the bowels of the earth, like the far-off reverberations of a cannon-shot amongst the hills.

"There was no earthquake?" said he, after we had a little recovered from our surprise; no one had perceived it if there had been. "I should not be surprised if this be the precursor of one, however," he continued, "after this long drought and intense heat."

The following evening was the one we had fixed on, according to previous arrangement, to ride to a beautiful bay.

The weather, as already hinted, for several weeks preceding this, had been uncommonly hot, even for that climate, and the earth was parched by intense drought. In many places in our rides we came upon fissures a foot wide, and several fathoms deep, and the trees had, in general, assumed the hue of our English leaves in November. There had been several "temblores de tierra," or shocks of an earthquake, within this period—slight at first, but they seemed to increase in strength and frequency, as the dry weather continued, and it was, therefore, reasonable to refer the sudden disappearing of the jet of water to some internal convulsion of this nature.

On the day in question, there was not a cloud to be seen, a hot, blending, blue haze hung over the land and water, through which every object trembled as if the earth and sea had sent up a thin smoke through intensity of heat.

The sun when he rose, and until high up in heaven, had the same red, magnified disk, as in a foggy winter morning in England, and a lurid purple hue pervaded all nature, as if he had been suffering a temporary eclipse, while the usual sea-breeze entirely failed.

About noon every thing was deadly still,—the cattle had betaken themselves to the small river, where they stood chewing their

cuds, as if overpowered with the density of the air. Not a bird was hopping in the trees, the very lizards were still, and the negroes employed in cleaning the coffee-pieces, worked in silence, in place of shouting and laughing, and gabbling to each other, as is their wont—and when the driver or black superintendent gave his orders, the few words he uttered sounded loud and hollow, echoing from hill to hill. I could hear distinctly what he said on the opposite mountain side, situated above a mile off, although I was persuaded at the same time that he spoke in his natural tone, and with no greater exertion than he used in common conversation. The very clink of the negroes' hoes in the rocky soil was unaccountably distinct and sharp.

Several inexplicable noises had been heard during the forenoon from the head of the ravine, and once or twice a strong, rushing sound, like the wind amongst trees, passed over our heads, as if cohorts of invisible spirits were charging each other in the air. At other times, a gradually increasing, subterraneous, grumbling noise would spring up, at first undistinguishable from distant thunder, but coming apparently nearer, it would end in a series of deepened reports, like a distant cannonade, and this again was followed by a sharp hissing, or hurtling, altogether different from the rushing noise already described, and resembling that made by the flight of a Congreve rocket more than any thing else. But the most startling sound of all was the solitary wild cry of a crane, now and then, which resembled for all the world the high note of a trumpet, blown short and quick.

We had all been puzzling ourselves with these appearances and strange noises during the forenoon, some arguing that a hurricane was impending, others that they betokened an earthquake; but the stillness continued without either occurring, and the day wore on very much as usual.

In the evening, the sun was again shorn of his flaming beams, as he sank in the west, and became magnified as in the morning, by the haze, into a broad, moonlight globe.

"Come," said our excellent host, "we have had no exercise to-day, I calculate; so let us order the mules, and ride to Helen's beautiful bay, that she raves about; we shall at least breathe fresher air there."

"Oh, papa!" said she, but the ladies vanished, and soon reappeared all ready, when we mounted, and set off accordingly.

By the time we reached the eastern cape, or headland of the small bay, the sun was near his setting, and had tinged the whole calm sea, as far as the eye could reach, with a bluish purple. The stars appeared larger than usual, some of them being surrounded with tiny haloes, and the planet Venus, as

she struggled up in the east, looked like a small moon.

We wound downwards along a zig-zag path, hewn out of the rock, until we arrived at the beautiful white beach, which we had admired so much from above.

The swell in the offing tumbled in long purple undulations, and as it broke on the rocky coast beyond the promontory, the noise was like the roar of a populous town, borne on the swell of the breeze. In the bay itself, however, all was still as death, and the surface of the sea was clear and calm as a mirror.

The sun was still visible to us, but already every thing was in shade on the opposite side of the bay—here about a quarter of a mile across, where the dark trees and bushes were reflected with startling distinctness. There was no ascertaining the water line in that direction, as the bank was high and precipitous, and the foliage darkened down to the water's edge; the beach on our side ending at the head of the bay, where a small wooden wharf ran into the sea, alongside of which lay a shallop with her sails hoisted, but hanging motionless on the spars. A solitary negro was walking slowly up and down this erection, smoking, his dark shadow in the water looking like his doppel ganger, or a familiar spirit. There was a large schooner lying right in the centre of the bay, very heavily rigged, and apparently armed, but I could see no one on deck at first; presently, however, there was a bustle on board of her, and two boats were hoisted out.

"What schooner is that?" I asked at Mr. Hudson—he did not know—it must be some coaster, he thought; but I was not sure of this, for all at once, under the cliff on the opposite side, we heard the sound of a hammer, and could see a forge at work, by the light of a primrose-coloured jet of flame, spouting up as if under the action of a pair of bellows, that glanced on the water, and flashed on the hairy chest and muscular arms of a swarthy-looking fellow, naked all to his trousers, and on the dingy figure of a negro that worked the bellows for him.

"When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove," sang Listado, but the sound of his own voice in the unnatural stillness, startled both himself and us, and he broke off abruptly. Next moment the flame of the forge disappeared, and the sparks, like fire-flies, flew from a red-hot bar in all directions, under the strokes of the Cyclops we had seen at work, until the hissing iron became of a dull red, and gradually disappeared from my eye altogether; the clink of the hammer, and the groaning and asthmatic puffing of the bellows then ceased. A boat now put off from the schooner, and pulled in the direction of the forge.

From the clash and tinkling of the materials as they were taken on board, it was

evident that the whole apparatus had been dismounted. As the people returned towards the schooner, we heard a voice hail them from her to make haste, as the person speaking "did not like the weather."

The instant they got on board, another anchor was let go, topmasts and yards were struck, and had down on deck, boats were hoisted in, and other precautions were, doubtless, taking, which we could not see, from the bustle we heard, to ensure her riding easily through the coming night. Soon all was still again. The fire-flies now began to sparkle amongst the trees, when as we turned to reascend the path by which we had come, De Walden said he thought the water of the bay trembled, and that the stars twinkled in it; but, before I perceived any thing, it was again calm as glass. Several fish now leaped out, as if startled, shattering the surface into circling and sparkling ripples; others skimmed on the top with an arrowy rush, and their heads above water; and several owls broke from the shelter of the bushes opposite with a hoarse screech, rustling the leaves, and after a struggling and noisy flutter at the start, flitted across to us, ruffling the glass-like bay with the breezy winnowing of their wings.

"What can all this mean?" said Listado. "Did you perceive any thing, Brail?"

He was standing beside his mule as he spoke, but none of the rest of us had dismounted.

"No; did you?"

"I thought there was a slight shock of an earthquake just now; but you might not have felt it from being mounted. There, listen!"

A rushing, as of a mighty wind, the same kind of mysterious sound that we had heard from the wood, in the morning, now breezed up in the distance once more, mingled with which, a report like a distant cannon-shot was every now and then heard.

It was evident that some tremendous manifestation of the power of the Invisible was at hand, but none of us moved. Some unaccountable fascination held us riveted to the spot. What, indeed, was the use of flight. Where could we have hid ourselves from him to whom the darkness is as the noonday, and whose power pervades all space.

The water in the bay now began to ebb suddenly, and retired about twenty paces, leaving a broad, white, sandy beach where before there had been but a narrow stripe of pebbles. In another moment it again rushed in with a loud *shaling* noise,—I coin the word for the sound,—and then thundered against the rocks, as if the swell of the everlasting deep had been hove by a storm against the shore, flashing up in white smoke all round us and over us. A huge mass of grey rock was detached from the cliff above,

and thundering with increasing bounds, was pitched over our heads, distinctly visible between us and the sky, a pistol-shot into the sea, where it dashed its shadow in the water into fragments, as it fell into the bay with a flash like fire; rotten branches and sand showered down in all directions, the dew was shaken like a fall of diamonds from the trees, the schooner's crew shouted, birds and beasts screamed and bellowed, and the mules we rode started and reared as the earth quaked beneath their feet, and yelled forth the most unearthly sounds that ever issued from the throat of quadruped. The shallop at the wharf was dashed to pieces; the schooner was first dragged from her anchors by the sudden and tumultuous ebb, and then hove with inconceivable violence against the wharf, where I thought she would have been stranded; but the retiring surge again floated her back, and the next minute she was fast drifting out of the bay.

We hastened home, where we found every thing in great confusion. The house was filled with dust, the walls and roof cracked in many places, and the wooden frames of the windows in two instances forced from their embrasures by the sinking of the walls. The field negroes were crowding round in great dismay, and the house servants were no less so; but amidst all this hubbub—lo!—the beautiful fountain was once more bubbling, and hissing, and splashing in its rocky basin, and amongst the leaves, as cheerily as if it had never intermitted at all.

The ladies immediately retired, their nerves having been desperately shaken; and I for one was glad to follow their example.

New Books.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.
By the Author of "Eugene Aram."

[In this superb historical romance we scarcely know which to admire most—the fact or the fiction, or the rich fancy and exuberant ingenuity of the author in wreathing both into his wonder-fraught story. The circumstances under which he has so gracefully accomplished this performance have been in some respects advantageous. His visit to the disinterred remains of the ancient city of Pompeii had greater charms for the author than either the delicious breeze or the cloudless sun, the violet valleys or the orange groves, of the South; and, "on viewing, still fresh and vivid, the houses, the streets, the temples, the theatres of a place existing in the haughtiest age of the Roman empire," he felt "a keen desire to people once more those deserted streets, to repair those graceful ruins, to reanimate the bones which were yet spared to his survey; to traverse the gulf of eighteen centuries, and to wake to a second existence—the City of the Dead." He began his

undertaking with Pompeii itself at the distance of a few miles—the sea that once bore her commerce, and received her fugitives, at his feet—and the fatal mountain of Vesuvius, still breathing forth smoke and fire, constantly before his eyes: nearly the whole of the work was written at Naples last winter; and by a coincidence worth notice, its publication took place nearly on the same day with another eruption of the terrific volcano, whose phenomena have supplied the catastrophe of the work itself. Mr. Bulwer, however, had many difficulties to contend with: for example, to paint the manners and exhibit the life of the middle ages, would have been comparatively easy; but, with the earlier and more unfamiliar period, or the classical age of his romance, we have “no household and familiar associations.” Yet, in his descriptions does the author arouse the curiosity and enlist the interest of his reader. He has stripped the details of classic story of their scholastic pedantries, and the discoveries of our own times of their archaeological affectation, so as to render his description of a mansion at Pompeii even more interesting than the arrangement of our own Buckingham palace. The date of the story is the first century of our religion—the most civilized period of Rome: the conduct of the narrative lies amidst places whose relics we may yet trace—the catastrophe is among the most awful which the tragedies of ancient history present to our survey. From his ample materials, Mr. Bulwer has selected such as are most attractive to a modern reader; “the customs and superstitions least unfamiliar to him—the shadows that, when reanimated, would present to him such images as while they represented the past, might be least uninteresting to the speculations of the present.”

It need scarcely be here observed that Pompeii was destroyed, A. D. 79, by an eruption of Vesuvius, not such as takes place every year; for, in the words of Dion Cassius, “all eruptions which have happened since would be trifling, even if all summed into one, compared to what occurred at the period we refer to. Day was turned into night, and night into darkness—an inexpressible quantity of dust and ashes was poured out, deluging land, sea, and air, and burying two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, while the people were sitting in the theatre.”

The following passage from Mr. Bulwer's preface will furnish the prime agents in the story, in the absence of its outline, which can scarcely be expected in our cabined columns.]

The city, whose fate supplied me with so superb and awful a catastrophe, supplied easily from the first survey of its remains, the characters most suited to the subject and the scene; the half Grecian colony of Hercules,

mingling with the manners of Italy so much of the costumes of Hellas, suggested of itself the characters of Glaucus and Ione. The worship of Isis, its existent fane, with its false oracles unveiled; the trade of Pompeii with Alexandria; the associations of the Sarnus with the Nile, called forth the Egyptian Arbaces—the base Calenus—and the fervent Apocides. The early struggles of Christianity with the Heathen superstition, suggested the creation of Olinthus; and the Burnt Fields of Campania, long celebrated for the spells of the Sorceress, naturally produced the Saga of Vesuvius. For the existence of the Blind Girl I am indebted to a casual conversation with a gentleman, well known amongst the English at Naples for his general knowledge of the many paths of life. Speaking of the utter darkness which accompanied the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius, and the additional obstacle it presented to the escape of the inhabitants, he observed that the blind would be the most favoured in such a moment, and find the easiest deliverance. This remark originated the creation of Nydia.

The characters, therefore, are the natural offspring of the scene and time; the incidents of the tale are equally consonant, perhaps, to the then existent society: for it is not only the ordinary habits of life, the feasts and the forum, the baths and the amphitheatre, the commonplace routine of the classic luxury, which we recall the Past to behold; equally important and more deeply interesting are the passions, the crimes, the misfortunes, and reverses that might have chanced to the shades we thus summon to life. We understand any epoch of the world but ill, if we do not examine its romance;—there is as much truth in the poetry of life as in its prose.

[And here it may be remarked that a few isolated quotations will but ill convey to the reader an idea of the poetical diction of the story, or the tasteful elegance of the author in the combination of his own fancy with the materials which his ingenious research has amassed. In short, it is not by piecemeal, but as a harmonious whole, that the merits of “The Last Days of Pompeii” must be adjudged. Our reader would, however, feel disappointment if we contented ourselves with this glance at the very attractive work before us: we shall, therefore, detach a few of its scenes, incidents, and situations, which may illustrate what we have said of the graphic power and minute polish of the writer, if they convey not the ability with which he has wrought his dazzling and darkening materials into the thread of narrative.]

The following is a stirring sketch of the gay

Streets of Pompeii.

Clodius arrived in the Via Domitiana,

which was crowded with passengers and chariots, and exhibited all that gay and animated exuberance of life and motion which we find at this day in the streets of Naples. The bells of the cars as they rapidly glided by each other, jingled merrily on the ear, and Clodius with smiles or nods claimed familiar acquaintance with whatever equipage was most elegant or fantastic; in fact, no young man was better known about Pompeii. "What, Clodius! and how have you slept on your good fortune?" cried, in a pleasant and musical voice, a young man, in a chariot of the most fastidious and graceful fashion. Upon its surface of bronze were elaborately wrought, in the still exquisite workmanship of Greece, reliefs of the Olympian games: the two horses that drew the car were of the rarest breed of Parthia; their slender limbs seemed to disdain the ground and court the air, and yet at the slightest touch of the charioteer, who stood behind the young owner of the equipage, they paused motionless, as if suddenly transformed into stone,—lifeless, but lifelike, as one of the breathing wonders of Praxiteles. The owner himself was of that slender and beautiful symmetry from which the sculptors of Athens drew their models; his Grecian origin betrayed itself in his light and clustering locks, and the perfect harmony of his features. He wore no toga, which in the time of the emperors had indeed ceased to be the general distinction of the Romans, and was especially ridiculed by the pretenders to fashion; but his tunic glowed in the richest hues of the Tyrian dye, and the fibulae, or buckles, by which it was fastened sparkled with emeralds: around his neck he wore a chain of gold, which, in the middle of his breast, twisted itself into the form of a serpent's head, from the mouth of which hung pendant a large signet ring of elaborate and most exquisite workmanship; the sleeves of the tunic were loose, and fringed at the hand with gold; and across the waist a girdle wrought in arabesque designs, and of the same material as the fringe, served in lieu of pockets for the receptacle of the handkerchief and the purse, the stylus and the tablets.—"My dear Glaucus!" said Clodius, "I rejoice to see that your losses have so little affected your mien. Why you seem as if you had been inspired by Apollo, and your face shines with happiness like a glory; any one might take you for the winner, and me for the loser."—"And what is there in the loss or gain of those dull pieces of metal that should change our spirit, my Clodius? Per Jove! while, yet young, we can cover our full locks with chaplets—while yet the cithara sounds on unsated ears—while yet the smile of Lydia or of Chloë flashes over our veins in which the blood runs so swiftly, so long shall we find delight in the sunny

air, and make bald Time itself but the treasurer of our joys. You sup with me to-night, you know."—"Who ever forgets the invitation of Glaucus?"—"But which way go you now?"—"Why, I thought of visiting the baths, but it wants yet an hour to the usual time."—"Well, I will dismiss my chariot, and go with you. So so, my Phylas," stroking the horse nearest to him, which by a low neigh and with backward ears, playfully acknowledged the courtesy; "a holiday for you to-day. Is he not handsome, Clodius?"—"Worthy of Phœbus," returned the noble parasite,—or of Glaucus." Talking lightly on a thousand matters, the two young men sauntered through the streets: they were now in that quarter which was filled with the gayest shops, their open interiors all and each radiant with the gaudy yet harmonious colours of frescos, inconceivably varied in fancy and design. The sparkling fountains, that at every vista threw upwards their grateful spray in the summer air; the crowd of passengers, or rather loiterers, mostly clad in robes of the Tyrian dye; the gay groups collected round each more attractive shop; the slaves passing to and fro with buckets of bronze, cast in the most graceful shapes, and borne upon their heads; the country girls stationed at frequent intervals with baskets of blushing fruit, and flowers more alluring to the ancient Italians than to their descendants, (with whom, indeed, "*latet anguis in herba*," a disease seems lurking in every violet and rose)—the numerous haunts which fulfilled with that idle people the office of cafés and clubs at this day; the shops where on shelves of marble were ranged the vases of wine and oil, and before whose thresholds, seats, protected from the sun by a purple awning, invited the weary to rest and the indolent to lounge,—made a scene of such glowing and vivacious excitement, as might well give the Athenian spirit of Glaucus an excuse for its susceptibility to joy.—"Talk to me no more of Rome," said he to Clodius. "Pleasure is too stately and ponderous in those mighty walls: even in the precincts of the court—even in the golden house of Nero, and the incipient glories of the palace of Titus, there is a certain dulness of magnificence—the eye aches—the spirit is wearied; besides, my Clodius, we are discontented, when we see the enormous luxury and wealth of others, with the mediocrity of our own state. But here we surrender ourselves easily to pleasure, and we have the brilliancy of luxury without the lassitude of its pomp."—"It was from that feeling that you chose your summer retreat at Pompeii."—"It was. I prefer it to Baïæ: I grant the charms of the latter, but I love not the pedants who resort there, and who seem to weigh out their pleasures by the drachm."

A Pompeian Mansion.

The house of Glaucus was at once of the smallest, and yet of the most adorned and finished of all the private mansions of Pompeii; it would be a model at this day for the house of "a single man in Mayfair"—the envy and despair of the cœlibian purchasers of buhl and marquetry. You enter by a long and narrow vestibule, on the floor of which is the image of a dog in mosaic, with the well-known "*Cave Canem*," or "beware, the dog." On either side, is a chamber of some size; for the interior house not being large enough to contain the two great divisions of private and public apartments, these two rooms were set apart for the reception of visitors, who neither by rank nor familiarity were entitled to admission in the penetralia of the mansion. Advancing up the vestibule, you enter an atrium, that when first discovered was rich in paintings, which *in point of expression* would scarcely disgrace a Raphael. You may see them now transplanted to the Neapolitan Museum; they are still the admiration of connoisseurs—they depict the parting of Achilles and Briseis. Who does not acknowledge the force, the vigour, the beauty, employed in delineating the forms and faces of Achilles and the immortal slave! On one side the atrium, a small staircase admitted to the apartments for the slaves on the second floor; there, too, were two or three small bedrooms, the walls of which portrayed the rape of Europa, the battle of the Amazons, &c. You now enter the tablinum, across which at either end hung rich draperies of Tyrian purple, half withdrawn.* On the walls was depicted a poet reading his verses to his friends, and in the pavement was inserted a small and most exquisite mosaic, typical of the instructions given by the director of the stage to his comedians. You passed through this saloon, and entered the peristyle; and here the mansion ended. From each of the seven columns that adorned this court hung festoons of garlands; the centre, supplying the place of a garden, bloomed with the rarest flowers placed in vases of white marble, that were supported on pedestals. At the left end of this small garden was a diminutive fane, resembling one of those small chapels placed at the side of roads in Catholic countries, and dedicated to the Penates; before it stood a bronze tripod: to the left of the colonnade were two small cubicoli or bedrooms; to the right was the triclinium, in which the guests were now assembled. This room is usually termed by the antiquaries of Naples, "the chamber of Leda;" and in the beautiful work of Sir William Gell the reader will find an engraving from that most

delicate and graceful painting of Leda, presenting her new-born to her husband, from which the room derives its name. This beautiful apartment opened upon the fragrant garden. Round the table of citron[†] wood, highly polished and delicately wrought with silver arabesques, were placed the three couches, which were yet more common at Pompeii than the semicircular seat that had grown lately into fashion at Rome; and on these couches of bronze studded with richer metals, were laid thick quiltings covered with elaborate broiery, and yielding luxuriously to the pressure.

A Pompeian Entertainment.

At that instant the slaves appeared, bearing a tray covered with the first preparative initia of the feast. Amidst delicious figs, fresh herbs strewed with snow, anchovies, and eggs, were ranged small cups of diluted wine sparingly mixed with honey. As these were placed on the table, young slaves bore round to each of the five guests, (for there were no more,) the silver basin of perfumed water, and napkins edged with a purple fringe. But the ædile ostentatiously drew forth his own napkin, which was not, indeed, of so fine a linen, but in which the fringe was twice as broad, and wiped his hands with the parade of a man who felt he was calling for admiration.—"A splendid *mappa* that of yours," said Clodius; "why, the fringe is as broad as a girdle."—"A trifle, my Clodius, a trifle! They tell me this stripe is the latest fashion at Rome: but Glaucus attends to these things more than I."—"Be propitious, O Bacchus!" said Glaucus, inclining reverentially to a beautiful image of the god placed in the centre of the table, at the corners of which stood the Lares and the saltholders. The guests followed the prayer, and then, sprinkling the wine on the table, they performed the wonted libation. This over, the convivialists reclined themselves on the couches, and the business of the hour commenced.—"May this cup be my last!" said the young Sallust, as the table, cleared of its first stimulants, was now loaded with the substantial part of the entertainment, and the ministering slave poured forth to him a brimming cyathus—"May this cup be my last, but it is the best wine I have drunk at Pompeii!"—"Bring hither the amphora," said Glaucus, and read its date and its character.—The slave hastened to inform the party, that the scroll fastened to the cork betokened its birth from Chios, and its age a ripe fifty years.—"How deliciously the snow has cooled it!" said Pansa; "it is just enough."—"It is like the experience of a man who

* The tablinum was also secured at pleasure by sliding doors.

† The most valued wood—not the modern citron-tree. Some, amongst whom is my learned friend, Mr. W. S. Lander, conjecture it with much probability to have been mahogany.

has cooled his pleasures sufficiently to give them a double zest," exclaimed Sallust.

Here the conversation was interrupted for a moment by a flourish of flutes, and two slaves entered with a single dish.—“Ah! what delicacy hast thou in store for us now, my Glaucus?” cried the young Sallust, with sparkling eyes. Sallust was only twenty-four, but he had no pleasure in life like eating—perhaps he had exhausted all the others; yet had he some talent, and an excellent heart—as far as it went.—“I know its face, by Pollux!” cried Pansa; it is an Ambracian kid. Ho!” (snapping his fingers, an usual signal to the slaves,) “we must prepare a new libation in honour to the new comer.”—“I had hoped,” said Glaucus, in a melancholy tone, “to have procured you some oysters from Britain; but the winds that were so cruel to Cæsar have forbid us the oysters.”—“Are they in truth so delicious?” asked Lepidus, loosening to a yet more luxurious ease, his ungirdled tunic.—“Why, in truth, I suspect it is the distance that gives the flavour; they want the richness of the Brundisium oyster. But at Rome, no supper is complete without them.”—“The poor Britons! There is some good in them after all,” said Sallust; “they produce an oyster!”

“The kid is excellent,” said Sallust.—The slave, whose duty it was to carve, and who valued himself on his science, had just performed that office on the kid to the sound of music, his knife keeping time, beginning with a low tenor, and accomplishing the arduous feat amidst a magnificent diapason.—“Your cook is of course from Sicily?” said Pansa.—“Yes, of Syracuse.”—“I will play you for him,” said Clodius; “we will have a game between the courses.”—“Better that sort of game certainly, than a beast fight; but I cannot stake my Sicilian—you have nothing so precious to stake me in return.”—The musicians who were stationed in the portico without, had commenced their office with the kid; they now directed the melody into a more soft, a more gay, yet it may be, a more intellectual strain; and they chanted that song of Horace, beginning “*Persicus odi*,” &c. so impossible to translate, and which they imagined applicable to a feast that, effeminate as it seems to us, was simple enough for the gorgeous revelry of the time. We are witnessing the domestic and not the princely feast—the entertainment of a gentleman, not an emperor or a senator.

The second course was gone—the feasters fell back on their couches—there was a pause while they listened to the soft voices of the South, and the music of the Arcadian reed. Glaucus was the most rapt and the least in-

clined to break the silence, but Clodius began already to think that they wasted time.—“*Bene vobis!* (your health!) my Glaucus,” said he, quaffing a cup to each letter of the Greek’s name, with the ease of the practised drinker. The second course, consisting of a variety of fruits, pistachio nuts, sweetmeats, tarts, and confectionary, tortured into a thousand fantastic and airy shapes, was now placed upon the table, and the ministri, or attendants, also set there the wine, (which had hitherto been handed round to the guests,) in large jugs of glass, each bearing upon it the schedule of its age and quality.—“Taste this Lesbian, my Pansa,” said Sallust; “it is excellent.”—“It is not very old,” said Glaucus, “but it has been made precocious like ourselves, by being put to the fire:—the wine to the flames of Vulcan—we to those of his wife—to whose honour I pour this cup.”—“It is delicate,” said Pansa, “but there is, perhaps, the least particle too much of rosin in its flavour.”—“What a beautiful cup!” cried Clodius, taking up one of transparent crystal, the handles of which were wrought with gems, and twisted in the shape of serpents, the favourite fashion at Pompeii.—“This ring,” said Glaucus, taking a costly jewel from the first joint of his finger, and hanging it on the handle, “gives it a richer show, and renders it less unworthy of thy acceptance, my Clodius, whom may the gods give health and fortune long and oft to crown it to the brim!”—“You are too generous, Glaucus?” said the gamester, handing the cup to his slave, “but your love gives it a double value.”—“This cup to the Graces!” said Pansa, and he thrice emptied his calix. The guests followed his example.

[After much toasting and music, the party break up, and adjourn to the house of Ione, the lovely Greek.] They drank, therefore, to the health of Glaucus and of Titus—they performed their last libation—they resumed their slippers—they descended the stairs—passed the illumined atrium, and walking unbitten over the fierce dog painted on the threshold, found themselves beneath the light of the moon just risen, in the lively and still crowded streets of Pompeii. They passed the jewellers’ quarter, sparkling with lights, caught and reflected by the gems displayed in the shops, and arrived at last at the door of Ione. The vestibule blazed with rows of lamps; curtains of embroidered purple hung on either aperture of the tablinum, whose walls and mosaic pavement glowed with the richest colours of the artist; and under the portico which surrounded the odorous viridarium, they found Ione already surrounded by adoring and applauding guests.

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The Gatherer.

Conch Divers of the Bahamas.—In December, 1821, one of his Majesty's ships, in going into the harbour of New Providence struck on a bank, and rubbed off a sheet or two of her copper. The following morning, one of the divers being sent for, and supplied with hammer, nails, and sheets of copper, sunk himself to the keel, and after two or three breathings at the surface of the water, made good the defects! He was afterwards required by the commanding officer to bend a hawser on to the chain cable near the anchor, as it lay at the bottom in nearly four fathoms water. This he accomplished with much ease, and a seaman-like bend it proved on the anchor being hove up. These divers, who are black men, and generally natives of the outer islands, are nearly six feet in height, with broad shoulders, and so accustomed to diving for conches from their infancy, in from two to ten fathoms water, that they have habituated themselves to continue under water for as long a time, perhaps, as the pearl-divers of India. They often take with them a hammer, and on finding a conch will break its shell, take out the fish, and prepare it for dressing before they rise; they will also take a bottle of any drinkable liquid, with the cork wired, and sink to the bottom in three or four fathoms, and with a corkscrew, draw the cork, drink its contents, and rise with the empty bottle! Porter is always the beverage they solicit on these occasions.—*Nautical Magazine*.

Rate of Intellect.—Written under a poor-rate collector's notice:—"If this his not attend too you be summoned."

Stays.—Lady Mary Wortley Montague says "one of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you to their baths. When I was introduced to one, the lady of the house came to undress me; another high compliment they pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown, and saw my stays, she was very much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the other ladies in the bath: 'Come hither, and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands:—you need boast, indeed, of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you thus up in a box!'"

Coffee consumed throughout the World.—In Great Britain, about 10,000 tons; France, 20,000 tons; in the Netherlands, 40,000 tons; Spain and Portugal, 10,000 tons; Germany and the Baltic, 32,000 tons; United States, 15,000 tons:—Total consumption, tons 127,000. Of this large quantity, the British West Indies does not produce more than 30,000,000 lbs., or 13,392 tons; while

the island of Java alone yields 20,000 tons, Cuba, about 15,000 tons; St. Domingo, nearly 16,000 tons; the Dutch West India colonies, 5,000 tons; the French and Bourbon, 8,000 tons; and the Brazils and Spanish Main, fully 32,000 tons. Our East India colonies are capable of yielding coffee to an indefinite amount.

Gay was, probably, one of our richest poets. Secretary Craggs made him a present of stock in the South Sea year; and he was once worth 20,000*l.*, but lost it again. He got about 400*l.* by the first Beggar's Opera, and 1,100*l.* or 1,200*l.* by the second. He was negligent, and a bad manager: latterly, the Duke of Queensbury took his money into his keeping, and let him have only what was necessary out of it; and as Gay lived with the Duke, he could not have occasion for much: he died worth upwards of 3,000*l.*

Otway, (by a contemporary).—His person was of the middle size, about 5 feet 7 inches high, inclinable to fatness. He had a thoughtful, speaking eye, and that was all. He gave himself up early to drinking; and, like the unhappy wits of that age, passed his days between rioting and fasting, ranting jollity, and abject penitence, carousing one week with Lord Plymouth, and then starving a month in low company at an ale-house on Tower-hill.

A Good Editor.—What Pope said of Bayle may be taken as the qualification of a clever editor: "he is the only man that ever collected with so much judgment, and wrote with so much spirit at the same time."

The Birmingham Festival.—On the commencement of the Hallelujah Chorus, "the audience rose as one mass, silent, breathless, and expectant, awaiting the first grand burst of this imperishable monument of greatness. All that knowledge, power, and precision could do, was done—the shout of hundreds, the blast of trumpets, the deep diapasons of the organ, the thunder of the drums, conspired to fill the mind with such overwhelming and indescribable sensation, that most trembled while many wept as children, so uncontrollable were their feelings. During the performance of the concluding choruses, "Worthy is the Lamb"—"Blessing and honour"—and the "Amen" so totally absorbed and lost was the understanding in the awful majesty of the music, and so deep, so universal was this feeling, that when the band had ceased, a death-like silence prevailed, and it was not until after some minutes had elapsed that a foot was moved or a word was spoken."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. O. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Frankfurt; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.